Dear Howard, 1/24/77

This is to ask if Duane can do a little work in your library some night with the materials I am certain should be available for the school of economics. I'm in the midst of much confusion so if it is not clear and if he can do it please ask. It is not a great amount of work. It is beyond me now and would not be a priority if it were not.

The confusion comes from a combination of things that should not have happened.

And we have had snow on the ground for at least two months.

The printer made a mistake and instead of consigning the reprint of PW to me consigned them to the alternative Maryland depot of the truck line. I was told of this for the first time Friday afternoon. So in order to get them here and to avoid storage charges I've had to arrange for local trucking. (It may amuse you to know that I was able to get the fellow who used to deliver feed to me what I farmed, and he'll stack them in the basement for about a fifth of what it cost me last time when I had PM delivered to a local van and storage company within walking distance of here - with all the inflation!)

Last timeII took all grocery shopping I was not able to turn the car around because of the snow. It is too deep in the turnaround. It got up to 25 yesterday - I'm so used to it I could go out in a sweater - so I decided to back the car out the lane and then turn around on the road and back it in. When I got out to the road I discovered that the cause of the rough ride was a bad tire. One of my snow tires had gone flat. These 500 feet out and back ruined it. Getting back with a flat in deep snow atop ice was quite an adventure. If my neighbor Paul who you may remember had not come out, taken a look and then gone for his pick I'd not have made it at all. Each time I got hung on ice he chopped it out. Somehow thereafter, when this retired farmer said it was impossible, I did get the car back into the carport and put the spare on, hoping that the predicted snow would hold off until I could get into town and back. It has.

Meanwhile I've had an intermittent electrical problem with the car, so I wanted to get it looked at. So I've also made arrangement with a ship seven miles away to leave it there and still get home and back for it as one can do only in the country. The foreman goes home for lunch every day. He is less than 10 minutes from here. The cab fare would be $10 or more. So the first day it does not snow, beginning tomorrow, I'll take the old car there before lunch, come home with him when he goes to lunch and when they have finished with it return for it when he goes back from lunch. Golden says only in America. I say only in the country. And if this is not out of the ordinary enough, my tire dealer is the father and brother of the man who runs the Rand Corp. I've been dealing with them for years and am well cared for. Today they saved me about $17.50.

Then I've been working on the Kinsey-McDonald stuff. Yesterday Kin's last lady friend was here. She did not stay for supper because of the weather. She is a bit older than we are. So we had supper around some of her past kindnesses: an old ham and naturally grown peaches all freze.

There may have been a serious mistake by a PSE nut named Bennet of a Hagoth Corp. in the State of Washington. He has offered $10,000 for proof that McDonald is a fraud. Not only can I prove it, regardless of his prefabricated devices for getting around this, but as a lawyer knows $10,000 opens federal district court. So I want to make the effort. That will pay for a lot of FBI and CIA xeroxing! Aside from the good it will do. In fact, the polygraph boys do not like the PSE boys one bit. And it happens that one of the most respected polygraph people was a real friend of Kin's. I've met him. The possibility of assistance is not unreal.

All of this, as you will realize from what I have sent and will, coincides with an odd experience with McDonald's publisher. If you have that fabrication there was a mistake in the printing after there was an apparent decision that there might be some legal problems. This led to carelessness in the printing. The book has two publishers both at the same Madisen Ave. address. Zebra, also Kensington, now is on Fifth Ave. You will have that address in the letter they wrote the agent.

I offered carte blanche on editing in advance. They wanted a book that solves the

King assassination. They spoke to Bud about it. He told them they had to get in touch with me and nobody else. I believe him. He spoke to Jim and then when I was in DC to me. I sent the draft of the first two (of three) part to the agent. Their note to him and his to me you'll get.

By coincidence Bud was in New York at the same time they wrote the agent, the same week, that is. He asked about it. They told they they rejected it but despite their relations they refused to give him any reason. This is strange considering that they had already given the agent one. I suspect their refusal to tell Bud is based on a suspicion he might have argued with them because the written reason is not a reason. They said that with editing as they see the editing it is a "valuable commercial property." The obvious comeback is, so edit. They could not pertest cost to Bud, as they might to an agent, because they offeredBud- their idea - a $20,000 advance on a worthless book, a book on the "critics." Who really cares?

Editing and printing 5,000 hardback copies of a book today costs less than $20,000. Large as PM is the printing costs were about $10,000. It is a very large book, too.

Now let us do some simple arithmetic.

A hardback publisher offers McDonald $20,000 as an advance if he'll agree to do what become Appointment in Dallas as fiction. He has no work to do. There is this ghost, Geoffrey Becca. McDonal refuses. If the book fails he has $20,000 clear. If it succeeds he has the added royalties plus the paperback rights which normally are greater because of the promotions from the hardback.

Who publishers it as non-fiction? Zebra, same people. It was then under the supervision of one Walter Zacharias. (This is not a common name. it happens to be that of a World War II speak, Navy variant.)

Do they know it is a fake? They sure do because the Enquirer used me as their consultant and the part of the book where the sniper's nest is described is omitted in the printed version, rplaced by three dots, . . . This is the part where I had Lanatana rolling in the balmy waves down your way.

They also spend a pot, very unusual for paperback, sending McDonald around the country. it paid off big but it is atypical for paperback. In the course of thes extensive promos they reached an audience vastly larger than any book ever can with its propaganda message, disinformation re JFK. With this I'm sure they sold over 1,000,000 copies.

So they are amoral but know a buck and they look to make another on the same subject. Can you for a minute believe that anyone in publishing would think this is a book on the critics? This is how they figures it.

They, after they have some real crap from Bud, they also tell him that they want to own the subject of the assassinations and they want a book on the King assassinations. They still are not in touch with me, even indirectly, and not long after Bud tells them there is nobody else on King. I have never met or spoken to or written to any one of them, either.

In normalities this is all senseless. Therefore it is a reasonable suspicion that it is not normal. Does this not lead to questions about Zebra/ Kensington? (On both LMP and Books inPrint should be checked.)

The owner of one Geller, who lives in Connecticut. He is a wheeler-dealer, with other interests/properties. I believe that at the time of McD's book Hercules Powder had the same address. Not building- suite of offices.

So the check is on Geller-Zebra-Kensington and in things like LMP, Contemporary Authors, Who's Who on Zacharias and Grossman.

Now we flip back to Kimsey, called an assassin by McDonald in an account that varies from time to time and appears to be without any basis - only safe because kimsey is dead, childless and divorced, so there is no wife to sue.

He was employed by what was an existing corporation, Security Associates. It was Ken Davidov, who appears as Len Davidov in the various versions of the McD crap until I warn him. He then is hidden by the addition of an "e". He becomes "Davidove" and his

problems are solved because that can be said to be someone else if there is an question. Changing the name more than this presented problems.

Five years or less ago Len sold his Security Associates, with offices in both Rockville, Md. and the Chaselton Hotel at 16 and R Sts., NW, D.C. to something like Oak, a conglomerate. He got about $750,000. He is now director of security for a large drug chain, Peoples.

Similarly but not identically named, Security Associates International gets real vocal in Dallas and Houston just before McD's book is out. Press conferences, electronic appearances and they have solved the crime for a client who will go public in time. There are a number of attention-grabbing exploits that end about the time McD had his book contracted.

Security Associates International is said to be based in Puerto Rico, a good place to avoid taxes.

The check here, of course, is on them and Oak. I probably send you what I learned about SA, as I learned it. Not much. Most of people former federal speeks.

It is just too much to ignore.

If Duane can't do anything please let me know and I'll ask others who have already undertkane considerable after-hours work.

Thanks and best,